



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

hollow square, in the centre of which, rode an oily-faced chap, whose ensemble reminded me of a butcher, whose cast I once "painted." "Who is that?" said I. "*L'Empereur! Viva l'Empereur,*" said a half-dozen persons on the walk, though the greater portion of passers-by held their faces straight ahead, and appeared not to notice the cavalcade. "The *Emperor!* the deuce you say! Ha, ha! he, he! ho, ho!" and laugh I must, to think that that turnip-headed, butcher-colored, stall-fed looking personage should prove to be the "man of the age," the son of the Dutch Admiral, French monarch. "*Qu'y a-t-il;*" said a bushy-looking customer. "Why, I am laughing at the idea that that man should be the Emperor." It was well that the official did not "furstay," for a stranger, coming along, whispered in my ear that he was "Informant," and would be compelled to report me to the police; so I *again left*. The image of the Bastille never was a pleasing one to my mind. I *scattered*, as we Yankees say, and opened my eyes next in Haarlem, in Dootchland."

In Holland! Je-ru-sa-lem, if this don't beat the ducks: a whole domain rescued from the sea! Well, I had to laugh at the idea, that people would be such fools as to pump out the sea, to raise carrots on the bottom, when all "out West" can be had for a few Dutch dollars. And then it occurred to me, if a fellow should stick a hole through that dyke, or should "pull out the plug" somewhere, what a scattering there would be among wooden shoes and pork-barrel legs! "What you pe laugh at?" said a great big Dutchman, with a pipe, which resembled the worm in old Giles' distillery, in one hand, and a blunderbuss in another, as he marched along on the Dyke. "Why," said I, "if I should let in a few acres of this sea, would'nt there be a row among these literally *dam* Dutch?" "Ah, eh! you epes one tam good rogueish, and I vill sthoph you mit dis way!" So saying, he stuck his bayonet at my breast. In a twinkling I capsized him, with a kick in his beer cask, and, laughing to split my sides, to see him turn a sunset into the sea, I escaped, knowing I should soon have all Holland after me, when it would be hard to beat the Dutch. I hurried to my hotel, stole my room-mate's passport, and laughing at the predicament I left him in, in that subsoil wooden-shoe town, made my way over the Rhine in double

quick time. Won't that Dutchman be mad when he crawls up the dyke from the bottom of the sea, with neither meershaum nor bagnet. I shall laugh a week at the face he made up when I put my boot into his paunch. It was like the letter O, full of wrinkles.

A dear child I am, verily! In Baden, and not a single gallery have I visited; not a studio have I entered; not a master have I studied! What for did I come to Europe? I don't know if 'twas not to laugh; and I declare to you, dear D., that I had rather, at any time, have a right good muss, with some big laughs in it, than to eye-glass the best daub the Flemings ever did. I can *study* enough at home; and I'll be hanged if I go moping through Europe, just to be wise as an owl (and as big a fool) when I get home. So here goes it—for a canter anywhere, everywhere, and a laugh just when I please.

Here there is much to please, if a man can make up his mind to go into the Kreutzer houses, where the students drink their villainous *swill*, which they call beer. These Germans are a queer set of people. The students are not young men, as the class generally is with us, at home; but embrace all ages and conditions of men, from the beardless boy to the aged sire. The German mind is not one of the never-you-minds; but is as full of inquiry as an old out-west coach is full of cracks, to let in the light and let out the dust. It is study, and swill lager-bier; and swill lager bier, and study, and dispute, with an occasional tongue fight, which is a caution to the females of our back settlements. I don't understand a word of their eternal jargon—it is all goose-gabble to me; but affords me just as much fun as if I could "jaw" every fellow to his own tune. I am off, to-morrow, for Frankfort, and then for a trip up the Rhine, when you may hear from me again. If I do not write, either believe that I have become *sober*, or that that Dutchman has "come up out of the deep," and has run his bayonet through me. I never was made for prison or poor-house; so never fear either of these calamities in my case.

Adieu, and believe me yours in a hurry,

WILD OATS.

BADEN, Sept. 10th, 1856.

HOME CORRESPONDENCE AND CHIT-CHAT.

[The number of correspondents of the Association is large—nearly equal to the sum of its subscribers. From so many pages of MSS. it may be presumed that many good things are said, and much good feeling expressed. So it is;—were there no public expression of the Press to encourage us in our enterprise, the mails would serve to keep us in heart, not only by their *material* remittances, but by the words of cheer with which almost every single subscription is accompanied; while the daily receipt of long lists, from Honorary Secretaries, in all sections of the Union, also accompanied by the most encouraging news of art-interest, add so much to our courage, that we feel like "Young America," when promised a high-spirited horse by his indulgent father, for some good action performed.

At this time of writing—a few weeks before the Distribution—we should like to say many things to subscribers, in answer to queries, suggestions, &c.; but, as the replies would be too late for service, we must do as Napoleon I. used to, with his friendly advisers and correspondents, viz.:—let their notes lay unanswered, for, in time, they answered themselves. This we do most unwillingly, for the reason that we could say many things of interest, and perhaps of profit, to the great mass who are showing so much interest in the matters of the Association. Another year's operations, probably, will place us so far ahead of time as to allow proper consideration of all correspondence, enabling a solution of every query and problem propounded. So may it be!

But we are absorbing space which should be devoted to others. From the many letters laid upon our table, we may be permitted to quote of a few, their expressions of good-feeling and hearty wishes for our success.]



ON. N. P. TALL-
MADGE, late of New-
York, now of Fon-du-
Lac, Wisconsin, writes
us, in ordering the engraving, "Saturday Night," as follows:—

"A friend has shown me a number of your Journal, and I must say I have seen no work which is so well calculated to instruct and interest the reader, to improve and expand his views by cultivating a taste for the Fine Arts. The plan upon which the whole scheme is got up is, in my judgment, well calculated to advance the public mind in a due appreciation of works of Art, and, at the same time, to inspire a high tone of moral feeling which a cultivation of the Arts always brings with it. I congratulate you upon your ennobling and humanizing enterprise. I most sincerely wish you success in your great and laudable undertaking; and can only add, GOD-SPEED!"

JOHN W. FRANCIS, our Secretary at Fort Plain, on remitting his list, says: "The enterprise meets with the warm